1st

THE Prologue and Epilogue TO THE City POLITICKS.

2°. Jan. 1683
2

The PROLOGUE spoken by Mr. SMITH.

GOOD Heaven be thank'd, the frenzy of the Nation
Begins to cure, and Wit to grow in fashion:
Long the Two Theatres did proudly jarr,
And for chief sway, like two Republicks War;
When of the sudden a devouring Host
Of dreadful Knights, (I say not of the Post)
But strange tongue Warriors over-run the Town,
And blew the Stage, almost the Kingdom down.
And with the Stage the Poets must expire,
For Bells will melt, if Steeples be on Fire;
Then Coffee-houses Theatres were grown,
Where Zealots acted in a furious tone
Oliver's *Porter, Damming* Babylon.
But they more Mad; for he in his worst Fit
Was ne're so Mad as to talk TREASON *yet.*
'Tis strange those Men should wish the POPE *such evil,*
Who are so kind to the POPE's *Friend, the* DEVIL!
They Drink, they Whore, and at there Rulers Rant,
And all is well in a True PROTESTANT.
These follies have the Nation long employ'd,
And almost all the POETS *Trade destroy'd.*
That they may justly seek Reprizals now,
And Board those Pirates which brought them so low,
Seize on that Ware by which some Men by stealth,
Promote the Traffick of a Common-wealth:
Ware some believe by Priests and Jesuits Spunn,
They Weave the Cloath, FANATICKS *put it on.*
But some will say, a POET *mend the Age!*
In these high matters how dare they engage?
Why, SIRS, a Poets Reformation scorn;
Since the Reformers now all Poets turn?
And by their awkard jangling Rhimes proclaim,
Like Bells rung backward, that the Towns on Flame?
The City Whiggs such curs'd Poets chuse,
For that alone they should their CHARTER *lose.*
He is a wretched Coxcomb, who believes
Muses, like FURIES, *will be pack'd by* SHERIFFS.
But their ill Palate no fine dressing needs,
All stuff that any Whiggish fancy breeds,
They swallow down, and live like Ducks on Weeds.
These things give all the Nations round delight,
Sure at our Fools to laugh we have most right.
Let's not our mirth to foraign Kingdoms send,
But here the growth of our own Country spend.
Heaven knows what sums the CAUSE *has cost this Town!*
Here you may have it all for Half-a-Crown.

The

The EPILOGUE ſpoken by Mr. *LEE* in the Character of *Bartaline* the Old Lawyer.

Enter a Gentleman to Bartaline.

1. *Gent.* SIR, I come to you from certain worthy Gentlemen the world is pleaſed to call *Whiggs.* *Bar. Whiggs?* Sir, they are the Props and Pillars of the Nation.

1. *Gent.* Sir, There is a Poet has been ſo bold as to write a Play againſt 'em, in which ſeveral of 'em think themſelves abuſed; now, Sir, they deſire to know if they have not an *Action of Slander* againſt the Poet? *Bar.* Ay, ay, Sir, he's a Raſcal.

1. *Gent.* And may not have conſiderable dammages? *Bar.* Oh! very conſiderable----

1. *Gent.* Here are Two Pieces. *Bar.* Two Pieces——? pretty indifferent dammages——I believe they may have ſome Dammages. 1. *Gent.* Here's one great perſon thinks himſelf much abus'd, and has ſent you Pieces. *Bar.* Sir, he ſhall have great Dammages, he ſhall trounce the Poet, a Raſcal to abuſe great perſons.

1. *Gent.* He tells him. ——*Ex.* *Enter a ſecond* Gent.

2. Sir, I come to you from a perſon that wants your Counſel, but he is a ſwingeing *Tory.* *Bar.* Well, he's ne're the worſe man, provided he has a ſwingeing Purſe. 2. Sir, he has writ a Play againſt Faction, and ſome *Whiggs* think themſelves hit home in it, and they are bringing *Actions of Slander* againſt him to puniſh him. *Bar.* Sir, if he has hit the *Whiggs* home he is a good Marks-man, for now they are all upon the Wing. 2. Sir, he deſires to know whether there lies an *Action of Slander* againſt him or no? and ſo, whether he had beſt compound the buſineſs in time, or go through with it? *Bar.* Oh! let him go through with it. 2. And you will aſſiſt him? *Bar.* Ay, ay, in private.

2. But he has no Money, he muſt Sue in *Forma Pauperis.* *Bar. Forma Pauperis?* Oh! damn'd Rogue, does he abuſe great men and has he no Money? Tell him I have conſider'd it, and I won't defend a ſlanderous Raſcal in abuſing honeſt men. 2. You ſaid you would help him through with it. *Bar.* Ay, through the Pillory. A Raſcal without Money abuſe great men, and then Sue in *Forma Pauperis*——Come the Court is ſat——I muſt Plead for the Plaintiff.

YOU Learned, Reverend Judges in this place,
I come to Plead here in a weighty Caſe;
And I beſeech you quickly make an end on't,
The WHIGGS are Plaintiffs; POET is Defendant.
I'me for the Plaintiffs, they have Coyn good ſtore;
Poets are in the wrong, becauſe they're poor.
And I ne're mind a Cauſe but as I'me Feed,
Like Quacks, we Cure no Man that will not bleed.
WHIGGS are my Clyents; And, my Lords, I ſay,
They have been ſcandaliz'd in a damn'd Play,
Which thoſe good men for buſy Fops does jeer,
Who vigilant for Church and State appear.
What if ſuch men ſhould have no wit at all?
Pray did not Geeſe once ſave the Capital?
But ſay theſe honeſt men be in the wrong,
Railing does to no private men belong;
Boldly to Rail is one of the chief ſpriggs
Of the Prerogative of Prince of Whiggs;
TITUS the firſt, who did that Power attain,
*——I take it——*Anno primo*——of his Reign——*
From WHIGGS, to whom by Cuſtome it belongs,
WHIGGS are all Freeholders of their Tongues,
And Pens too.——
I'le prove it out of Janeway's *Reports,*
And the Decrees of ſeveral Coffee-Courts.
The POET has no title then to rail,
Let him be ſeiz'd, nor let Wit be his Bayl.
Wit is a Tory, we're with us would joyn,
Wit never help'd the Whiggs to write one Line.
'T has been accus'd, and in our Writings ſought;
But ſtill the Coroner Non inventus *brought.*
But Learned Judges, I leave all to you,
If you're for TORIES, I will be ſo too.
Noint Witches, they will fly, though we're ſo old;
I'le be as nimble too, noint me with Gold:
I'le quickly to the Tory party ſkip,
Greaze my Fiſt well, I'le let our Faction ſlip. FINIS.

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